

135 W. 41st St.,

April 10, 1885.

My Dear May,

I have thought much of you in the last few days, and with hope that you were getting better of your severe cold. Especially do I hope so to-day in view of the warmer temperature of the air. I have not consulted a thermometer, but in view of the sudden burdensomeness of my winter garments I should think the mercury had gone as high as 76. It is not an easy thing for men of our age to throw off a hard cold, but I trust you

have done or are doing it
in this instance, and that
advancing Spring will raise
you to even more than your
usual health. I cannot bear
to think of you as ill. The last
few years, with their experiences,
have made you dearer than ever
to me, and I hope you have
before ^{you} some very useful and
happy years before you are
summoned hence.

I have finished re-
writing my review of Thayer, and
I am sure I have improved it
greatly. As a whole it is about
as long as before, but I have
treated some points with
greater brevity to make room
for ~~some~~ ^{others} not before intro-

duced. It is more terse than the other draft, and I think more effective in every way. It is in truth so much another thing that it seems to me desirable, under the circumstances, that you should have the first reading, provided you are able to give it your attention. If, however, you are too ill for this, I will send it to W. L. G.

I feel that the article ~~was~~^{is} worth all the trouble it has cost, if only to get it read before the Antiquarian Society. I hope the Spy will not refuse to take it, but it may do so on the ground that it did not print Thayer's attack. If so, I should have some hope of getting it

into the Herald (Boston),
where I think I have some
reputation from former con-
tributions.

Yours, heartily,

Oliver Johnson

Monday Morning. — I wrote this,
as you will see, yesterday; and
now comes your note with the
sad information of your con-
tinued illness. I am ~~so~~ sorry
your cold proves so incorrigible.
But I hope for better news ere
long.

I have sent the M.S. to W.
L. G., and also written to How-
land inviting suggestions.

Yours, ever,

Oliver Johnson